

AN ELEGY On the Great and Famous BLEW-STONE.

Which lay on the CASTLE-HILL of EDIN-
BURGH, and was Buried therein.

WHAT Place is this I've fixt my Feet upon ?
It's like the *Castle-hill*, yet I miss a Stone
Whereon I lean'd me oft for Recreation,
Sure here's the place where was his Scituation:
None e'er was yet so strong to have it carri'd,
So that it's surely sunk, or else been burri'd:
For which there ought to be great Lamentation,
Since that it's Equal scarce was in a Nation.



O! let's lament the Loss that's sent
From Castle to the Town,
Would we withstood this blue Stones good
That's now beneath the Ground:
Rise up and stand and grace our Land,
Let them thy Motto see,
Our old *Blew-stone* that's dead and gone,
His marrow cannot be:
Large Twenty Foot of length he was,
His bulk none e'er did ken,
Dour and Deaf and riven with Grief,
When he preserved Men:
Behind his Back a Batt'rie was,
Contriv'd with Packs of Woo;
Let's now think on, since he is gone,
We're in the Castle's view.
O! Burgeses and Men of Wit,
That lives into the Town,
What do you mean, or have you seen,
To let him so plump down.
Since all is past and he lies fast,
His Memory shall stand
To Thousand Generations,
In this our Ancient Land.
O Graver good will ye but do't,
Put this upon a Stone
Near to his Nest, see that it rest,
Since he is dead and gone.

E P I T A P H,
*Who e'er this Grave does look upon,
And ask, who does it fill,
It is the Famous Great Blew-Stone
Lay on the Castle-hill;
Roar'd at he was with Shots like Thunder,
Because that Men he serv'd,
Until his Body rent assunder,
because he them preserv'd
From Death that Night*